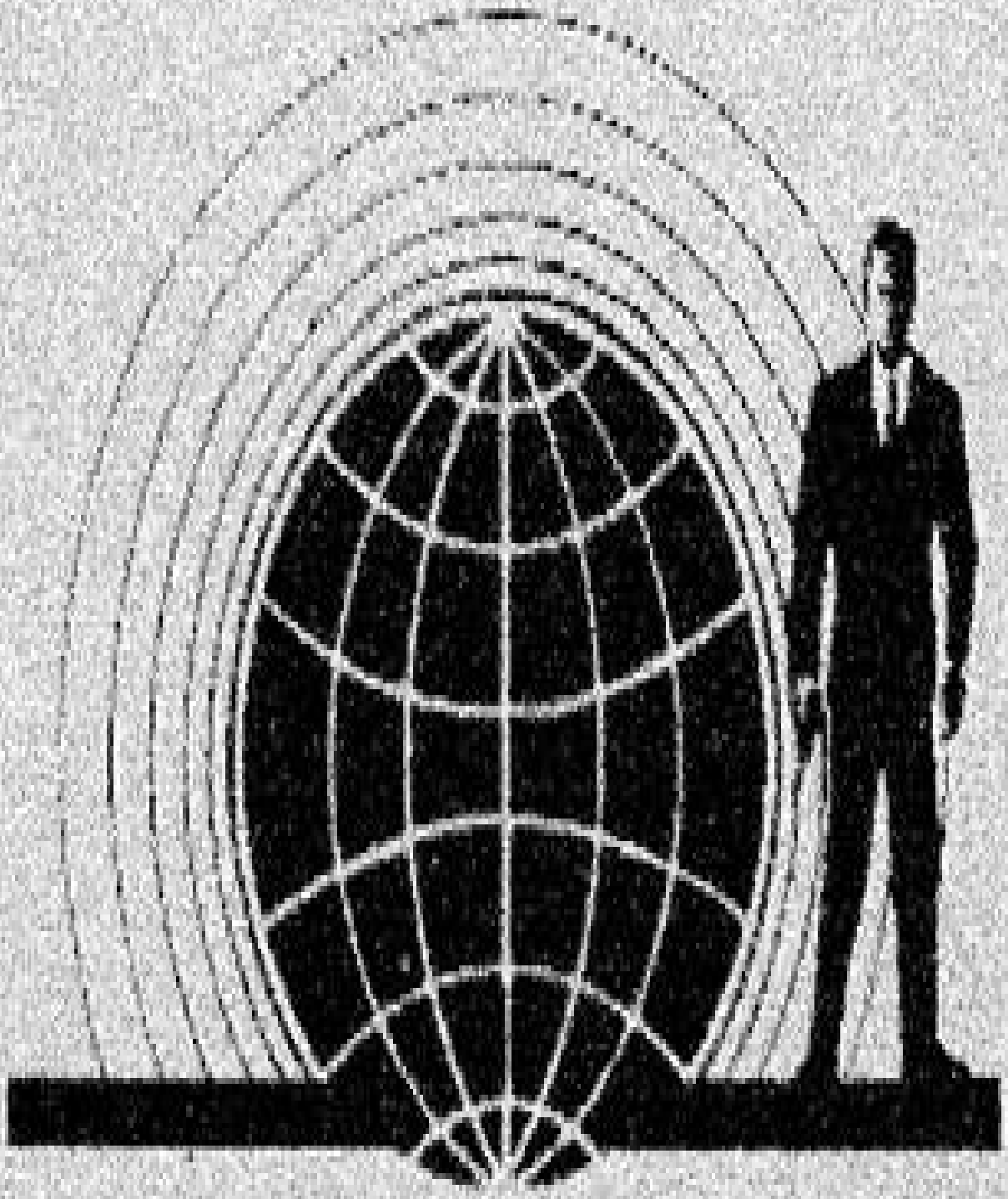

U.N.C.L.E.

United Network Command for Law and Enforcement

The Cotton Candy Affair

Production # 7473

Written by
S. S. Schweitzer

Executive Producer
Norman Felton

July 19, 1965

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PRE-PRODUCTION SCRIPT ONLY

The Man From

U.N.C.L.E.

THE COTTON CANDY AFFAIR

Prod. #7473

Executive Producer:
Norman Felton

A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER TELEVISION Presentation

Produced by
ARENA PRODUCTIONS, INC.

David Victor

Written by:
S. S. Schweitzer
July 19, 1965

The Man from U.N.C.L.E.
The Cotton Candy Affair Prod. #7473

FADE IN:
EXT. FRENCH CHATEAU - DAY

An imposing, ancient chateau, ramparts, *etc.*

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

French Army sentries are stationed along the panoplied hallway, which is punctuated by suits of armor, heraldic bearings, *etc.* The sentries snap to attention as NAPOLEON SOLO and ILLYA KURYAKIN escort COLONEL GERRARDO, an imposing, handsome man of wise and mature years, and FORANGE, a few years younger than Gerrardo, and unlike him, not in uniform. Solo opens doors to a large suite, and they all enter.

EXT. GROUNDS - DAY

A sentry walks along high iron fence, passing a sign.

CLOSE SHOT - SIGN
It reads (perhaps in French) CAUTION: ELECTRIFIED FENCE.

EXT. GROUNDS - DAY
Four figures appears out of brush. EL GATO, one of the three, wears a leotard, a gas mask, and has a small bag hanging from his waist. On the other side of fence, workmen have left a sawhorse and a plank. Two of the other men move to fence, form a bridge, their knees touching, as they squat, facing each other. El Gato takes a run at them. As one foot goes on the bridge of their knees, they reach under his other foot and lift him high into the air.

REVERSE ANGLE
El Gato clears the fence, somersaults as he hits the ground, then runs, low, for the chateau. Now the fourth figure also in a black leotard comes over the fence by the same method.

INT. SUITE - DAY
A well-furnished sitting room. Solo and Illya check the suite, closets, under the bed, *etc.* Gerrardo moves towards window. Forange takes in his surroundings.

ILLYA (indicating)
We put your luggage in that room, Your Excellency, and M. Forange's in there.

GERRARDO (mockingly)
Thank you. Forange, give the bellboys a few francs.

Solo and Illya exchange glances, not angry.

ILLYA
We're paid enough for what we do.

SOLO
Mr. Kuryakin and I are responsible for your safety as long as you're in France. Sorry if we get in your way.

FORANGE
Patience, Colonel Gerrardo. A few more hours and we sign our treaty with the French government. The independence of our nation is worth some inconvenience.

GERRARDO (testily)
Why couldn't M. Durain have met us here? We could have signed this piece of paper already.

ILLYA
M. Durain will be here in good time.

SOLO

With a ball-point pen.

GERRARDO (frowns)

It’s very stuffy in here.

He goes to window to open it. Solo suddenly throws himself at Gerrardo, moving him aside roughly.

EXT. CHATEAU

Gato braces himself against wall, just above window.

SOLO’S VOICE (o.s.)

Please stay away from the window, Your Excellency. Your medals make an attractive target.

RESUME - SUITE

Gerrardo glares at Solo as Illya goes to window.

GERRARDO

My medals, Mr. Solo, were not won by timidity.

FORANGE (nervously)

There are those who wish these meetings to fail, Colonel. Until we have our treaty, please don’t risk your life!

GERRARDO

I am warmed by your concern. (beat) And now I would like to rest a while. If you gentlemen would excuse me—

SOLO

We’ll be right outside.

Gerrardo bows stiffly to them, as Solo and Illya exit.

INT HALLWAY

Solo and Illya check their guns. A sentry is on duty. Solo looks up, seems to be listening.

SOLO

Do you hear it?

ILLYA (alerted)

What?

SOLO

The Mediterranean — lapping against the beaches of the Riviera.

ILLYA

Wishful thinking. That’s ninety miles from here.

SOLO

I can hear the glad cries of the bikini-clad women as they dive into the water—

Solo moves to suit of armor. Unseen, the sentry peers around corner, takes out gun, sights it.

SOLO

Ah, here’s something. A 13th century bikini —

The SENTRY fires. Solo moves the armor, deflecting bullet. Illya fires after sentry, who flees.

EXT. WINDOW
Shooting in. As El Gato lowers himself onto sill, his gun barrel picks up Gerrardo. Forange ENTERS.

INT. HALLWAY
Bells ring, lights flash. Solo and Illya leave off chase of sentry, turn and rush the suite door.

INT. SITTING ROOM

Gerrardo turns toward Solo and Illya. El Gato fires - misses Gerardo but drops Forange. El Gato tosses smoke bomb at Solo and Illya, rushes to Forange's room as the sitting room fills with smoke.

INT. FORANGE'S ROOM
El Gato reaches a window, opens it, climbs out and jumps.

EXT. CHATEAU
El Gato lands, rolls, and rushes off.

EXT FORANGE'S WINDOW
Solo and Illya, coughing, look out window. Solo points to drain pipe. Illya winces, shrugs, and follows Solo as he climbs out of window and down drain pipe.

EXT. GROUNDS
El Gato runs, pulling down objects in his path.

ANOTHER ANGLE
Solo and Illya running after him, dodging obstacles.

EXT. FENCE
El Gato reaches point of entry. He takes plank and leans it on the sawhorse, half of it overhanging. He stands on the lower end of the plank. Turns, sees …

SOLO - EL GATO'S P.O.V.
Running across grounds.

EL GATO
The phony sentry has reached watchtower above El Gato. El Gato looks up to him and signals, then fires shot into air. The sentry jumps down onto upraised end of plank, hurtling El Gato up and over the fence. Solo reaches scene, ignoring sentry who lies as if shot. Solo aims at the fleeing El Gato. The sentry jumps up and pulls a gun to fire at Solo.Illya rushing up shoots sentry who falls to ground.

SENTRY
Illya and Solo bend over sentry. His French army coat is open to reveal his black sweater, leotard.

SOLO

Who sent you?

SENTRY

Doctor please…

Solo looks at Illya, who shakes his head: “too late.”

SOLO

You’ll get a doctor when you tell me who sent you.

SENTRY

Circus…

ILLYA

Did he say… circus?

SOLO

That’s what I heard.

ILLYA

You mean — the kind with clowns, and jugglers, and acrobats?

SOLO (grimly)

And in the center ring, ladies and gentlemen — murder.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

EXT. PLAZA - DAY

Near the flower-sellers' stalls, the fruit vendors, *etc.* of Juan-les-Pins, two clowns perform for a street crowd. They are a MALE FIGURE in a military uniform, and a FEMALE FIGURE in a ball gown and blonde wig. They go through a routine involving a slapstick on the female's bustle, which finally bursts (a balloon). The crowd, except for some children, is not very amused. One tourist observer, FRED HAMILL, shakes his head sadly. The clowns start to pass the hat.

HAMILL
He moves away, looking disgusted.

CLOWNS
They pass the hat, getting indifferent attention. The military clown looks in hat and shrugs. Then both the clowns cross road.

ROADWAY
A parked truck bears a painted sign in faded letters: NAPOLEON THE GREAT and JOSEPHINE. The clowns head for rear of truck. Hamill is waiting for them. Then MR WAVERLY climbs out rear of truck.

WAVERLY
Sorry I missed your premier performance, gentlemen. How was it received?

Solo, the military clown, looks in hat.

SOLO
13 francs, 40 centimes ...

ILLYA
At the official rate of 5 francs to the dollar ...

HAMILL
You were overpaid!

WAVERLY

Mr. Hamill, you'd better take your two pupils in charge again.

HAMILL

I'm a clown, not a magician! I'd need another six months to get these deadheads to pass as clowns.

SOLO

Oh, I don't know. I thought I was pretty effective with this.

He holds up The Slapstick.

ILLYA

Six months of that?

WAVERLY

We can't wait six months — not even six days. These assassins missed Gerrardo and they may try again.

HAMILL

You don't even know what circus you're looking for.

SOLO

There were three in the vicinity of the chateau. The sooner we graduate from your clown college the sooner we can start investigating them... from inside.

HAMILL

It won't work. No reputable circus would hire you.

ILLYA

Then how about a disreputable one?

ZIP PAN TO:

CIRCUS POSTER - TIGHT SHOT
It proclaims the attractions of the ROYALE INTERNATIONALE CIRCUS: EL GATO, the Death!-Defying Human Fly as headliner, LES GIBSON FRERES, clowns extraordinaire, and DONNA CORITA, beautiful ballerina of the high wire.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. THE CIRCUS RING - FULL SHOT - DAY
It is a onering, outdoor circus, with seats and small grandstands set up around the ring. On the perimeter are parked cars, vans, trailers, cages, *etc.* There is activity in the ring.

CLOSER SHOT
In the ring, two clowns, HARRY and JOE GIBSON, in full makeup, are doing a routine, and very well. Others near the ring are CHARLEY, the cockney circus manager, BOBO, a midget, who sits on the shoulders of IGOR, the strong man, and two or three roustabouts. Ignoring them to practice are DI MONA, a knife-thrower, and BRUNO, an acrobat. A couple of lovely GIRLS hang from rigging to watch.

ANOTHER ANGLE
Corry, bright and lovely, wearing tights, runs towards ring, waving telegram. She comes near just as Harry runs away from Joe, who brandishes an enormous mallet. Corry catches Harry, spins him about.

CORRY
Pop: Wait a minute — please:

HARRY
Not now, darling! Can’t you see we’re rehearsing?

CORRY

But this is important! Here’s another telegram from those lawyers. They say you and Joe simply have to be in Tampa in 8 hours:

HARRY
48 hours? But we can’t just leave.

CORRY
Look, Pop! This is twenty thousand American dollars over there! Rich uncles don’t grow on trees.

HARRY
Oh, yeah? Did you ever see my uncles?

CORRY (glares at his humor)
You and Joe have got to go and get that money!

HARRY
Aw Corry — we’ve been ten years with the Royale —

CORRY
You know it isn’t the same. We’ve felt out of place since all the new people joined up —

HARRY
We can’t leave good old Charley in the lurch —

CORRY
“Good old Charley” owes us six months in back pay.

HARRY

But he’s got to have a clown act! What’s a circus without one?

CORRY (furious)
You know what’s wrong with you, Pop? You’ve worn that makeup so much —you even think like a clown!

She storms OFF.

ANOTHER ANGLE
Corry goes to trampoline to work off her anger. El Gato passes her and grins; she turns away. He grins all the wider, and goes to work on the high bar. Solo and Illya appear, not in clown makeup.

ILLYA (nodding in time to her bounces)
I beg your pardon. Could you direct us to the manager?

CORRY
We don’t need any more roustabouts.

SOLO
We’re Napoleon the Great and Josephine.

ILLYA (flatly)
I’m Josephine.

ILLYA
We’re clowns.

She starts to bounce again.

SOLO
We’re really very good.

ILLYA

The toast of three continents.

SOLO
Temporarily unemployed.

She stops, electrified.

CORRY
Wait a minute! Did you say - you’re looking for a clown job?

SOLO
Anything wrong with that?

CORRY
Wrong? That’s the rightest thing that’s happened around here since the popcorn machine!

She bounces off the trampoline and into Solo’s arms. She plants an enthusiastic kiss on him.

SOLO
No wonder kids run away to join the circus.

ZIP PAN TO:

EXT. THE CIRCUS RING
Solo and Illya go through their feeble act.

GRANDSTAND
Corry and Charley sit watching. She observes him nervously, hoping for his good opinion.

CORRY (anxiously)
I think they’re very good, Charley, don’t you?

Charley scowls.

CORRY

I mean, they may be a little nervous right now — and I know they’re not as good as Harry and Joe. But you’ll have to admit they’re different.

Charley continues to scowl and slumps into his seat.

CORRY

I mean — you’ll have to admit their costumes are funny!

Charley slumps lower and lower.

CORRY (desperate)

Besides — if you hire them, we won’t even ask for the back pay you owe us!

Charlie undergoes a transformation. He sits up straight.

CHARLEY

You know something, luv? I think maybe those boys are oh-kay. Let me check something out.

He leaves. Corry looks after him with a happy smile then looks back toward Solo and Illya.

INT. THE RING - SOLO AND ILLYA
Solo and Illya do their final turn. Corry APPLAUDS vigorously. They bow.

ZIP PAN TO:

EXT TRAILER - DAY
A big luxurious trailer.

INT. TRAILER - DAY
MARKO’S living quarters are lush, handsomely appointed. Including OLGA a beautiful bookkeeper, and MARIE, a beautiful but inept baton-twirler, scantily clad. Marko, handsome, well-dressed, flamboyantly Middle European, sits at desk checking the books as Olga, wearing an

eyeshade, watches. Maria fumblingly twirls baton. Marko turns to look at her.

MARKO (beams)

Splendid, Marie, splendid. Practice makes perfect. (at the books) A mistake here, Olga. (turns page) Do this page over.

OLGA

Please, Marko —

MARKO

My dear, there is one thing I insist upon. Meticulous records! Without careful, permanent records, life becomes a shambles … (to Marie) Lovely, Marie, very graceful.

The door opens and Charley sticks his head in.

CHARLEY

Marko, could I see you?

MARKO

Come in, Charley? Come in. (as he does) This is Marie. Isn’t she superb? I suggest you hire her before some other circus entrepreneur notices her great talent and outbids you for her services. My child, this is your employer.

Marie bobs, and drops the baton on Charley’s foot. He picks it up, and hands it to her.

CHARLEY

Uh, look, Marko, as long as we’re hiring acts, there are these two clowns —

MARKO (evenly)
My dear Charley, I do the hiring here.

CHARLEY
But all you ever care about is — (looks at Marie. Weakly:) — talent.

MARKO (icily)
You don’t approve of our arrangement? (pulls ledger to him) Perhaps you’ve forgotten how much money I’ve advanced you?

CHARLEY
One good stand — one good playdate — and I’ll pay you off.

MARKO
Very well. Meanwhile — we’ll run things my way, shall we?

CHARLEY
But you know how you feel about the Gibsons. And if we don’t hire these new clowns, they’ll never leave!

MARKO (beat)
You’re sure.

CHARLEY
You know Harry Gibson, he’s circus through and through. He won’t leave me in the lurch — even if I begged him to!

MARKO
Then perhaps we should hire these new clowns. I presume they’re funny?

Charley struggles to produce a strained laugh.

CHARLEY
A million laughs!

EXT. CIRCUS RING
Harry and Corry approach Illya and Solo, who now wear makeup.

HARRY
I never heard of Napoleon the Great and Josephine!

CORRY
Sure you have, Pop — the toast of three continents!

HARRY
I got to see this act before I say okay!

Corry goes to Solo and Illya.

CORRY
You don’t mind, do you?

ANOTHER ANGLE
Marko, with Bobo, Bruno, ANGELO, the tattooed man, and ROSA, in lion-tamer’s costume, gun at hip, look at the ring. Marko turns to them:

MARKO (sotto)
Go check their truck.

The men turn to go, but Marko pulls Angelo back.

MARKO
Where do you think you’re going?

ANGELO
Check the truck.

MARKO (pleasantly)
Not you, my little art gallery.

ANGELO
Aw, Marko: You never let me do anything:

MARKO
Rosa! See that Angelo gets back to his trailer. And keep him out of the sun.

Rosa leads the grumbling Angelo OFF.

NADJA, a beautiful gypsy, looks up as Marko ENTERS. She pulls back cloth over crystal ball, reveals a radio set. Marko picks up the handset, and presses a button, speaks into it.

MARKO
All stations! Security Plan B!

INT. CONCESSION STAND

Two tough concessionaires, arranging prizes. Light goes on under counter, one picks up radio receiver.

MARKO’S VOICE (filter)
Watch for two new clowns in makeup.

CLOSEUP THE STILTWALKER

He holds small radio hand receiver to ear.

MARKO’S VOICE
Report everything they do.

EXT. SOLO’S TRUCK
Bruno lifts Bobo so he can crawl into window.

EXT. CIRCUS RING
Solo and Illya conclude their act. There’s a deathly hush. Then Corry claps and shouts:

CORRY
Bravo! Bravo!

GRANDSTAND - CORRY, HARRY, CHARLEY

CORRY
Well, you and Uncle Joe can start packing, Pop. They’re absolutely … (sees his face. Lamely:) - lousy, huh?

HARRY
It’s no use, Corry. We just can’t let Charley down this way.

CHARLEY (desperately)
I told you a million times. Let me down! Let me down!

CORRY
Maybe if they learned your routines—

HARRY
Well, we could try and teach them.

CORRY

I’ll stay behind and teach them! I know the act as well as you do!

HARRY

I dunno …

CORRY (near tears)

Oh, Pop, please! How am I ever going to meet that nice young doctor from Seattle I’ve always dreamed about?

(tears)
I’m getting too old for him already!

HARRY (troubled)

Charley …What do you think?

CHARLEY (eager)

Let her do it, Harry. You can’t afford to kiss that inheritance goodbye.

HARRY

But there’s tradition

CHARLEY

Twenty big ones will buy a lot of tradition. Besides — I thought those blokes were pretty funny. (he gives them his strained laugh) Hey, Napoleon! Josephine!

Solo and Illya come towards them.

CHARLEY

Okay, you’re hired — but on one condition.

SOLO

What’s that?

CHARLEY

You've got to learn some new routines. Here's your teacher. (pushes Corry forward) What she says goes!

Solo smiles. Corry is very, very attractive.

INT. SOLO'S TRUCK
Bobo searches truck. Opens drawer.

INSERT
CLOSE SHOT of drawer. Bobo's hand takes out two small WANTED POSTERS, pictures of Napoleon and Illya.

CLOSE SHOT - Bobo
He looks at the wanted posters - obviously impressed.

EXT. CIRCUS RING
Solo and Illya are now passing stiltwalker.
STILTWALKER CLOSE SHOT

STILTWALKER

(into handset) They just passed point seven.

EXT. SOLO'S TRUCK
Bruno, with handset, raps on side of truck, a warning. Bobo appears in window - jumps into Bruno's arms —They hurry off.

EXT. GROUNDS BETWEEN RING AND TRUCK
Solo and Illya walk towards truck.

MARKO AND CHARLEY - ON CIRCUS GROUNDS
Marko smiles as he reads WANTED posters, making sure Charley can't see what he is reading. He folds and pockets the posters and turns to Charley.

MARKO

Yes our new clowns are well qualified. I like their press clippings. (he sees Illya and Solo, intercepts them) Ah, gentlemen! Welcome to the Royale Internationale. Your

first performance will be on Monday. (a toothy grin) I hope you kill the people.

Smiling he goes off.

MARKO

El Gato approaches him, falls into step.

EL GATO

We don’t need strangers!

MARKO

They got rid of “the Gibsons for us.

EL GATO

Then let’s get rid of them!

MARKO

They’re wanted men — professional killers. We could do with some professionals around here.

EL GATO (angry)

You call El Gato an amateur?

He stops, letting Marko go OFF. Smoldering with jealousy he stares towards the off-screen clowns.

INT. SOLO’S TRUCK

Illya and Solo enter. Solo takes out device, like light meter, holds it up. Illya goes to open drawer.

SOLO

They didn’t plant any bugs.

ILLYA (with satisfaction)

The posters are gone.

SOLO

The fish are biting.

They begin to remove UNCLE gear from cold cream jars, table legs, *etc.* to set up a radio transmitter.

ILLYA

If they are the assassins we're still a long way from learning who hires them.

SOLO

In all probability a long and distinguished list. The only way we'll find out is by locating Marko's records.

ILLYA

Radio's all set.

SOLO

(into radio) Channel D — open —

Suddenly the door flies open. Illya and Solo instinctively draw guns, turn. It's Corry! She stares at the guns. Then, angrily:

CORRY

I knew it was too good to be true! You're not clowns at all!

They look at her, then at each other.
FADE OUT

END ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:
INT. TRUCK - DAY
The scene is as before, but the door is closed and Corry has stopped crying.

CORRY
I don’t care about your — United Network for whatchamacallit! I don’t care if you’re secret agents or shoe salesmen! If Pop finds out—

SOLO
But he won’t. He’s on his way to Tampa.

CORRY
And I’m going right after him! When we get that inheritance– (she stops) The inheritance! (she realizes) These telegrams!

SOLO (regretfully)
I’m sorry — but we sent them. It was part of the plan.

CORRY
Then — there’s no money?

ILLYA
Not necessarily.

CORRY (growing fury)
It was a trick! Just a dirty lie to get rid of Pop and Joe — so you could take their place!

SOLO
It’s not as bad as you think.

CORRY
I could kill you for what you did!

ILLYA
Please, listen!

CORRY
It meant everything to me!- everything!

SOLO (gently)
I know. You wanted to go home and meet that nice young doctor from Portland.

CORRY
Seattle!

ILLYA
The money may still be yours — if we catch this gang of assassins.

CORRY
What?

SOLO
The government of M. Forange’s country has offered a reward for the capture of his assassin. Twenty thousand dollars, American.

ILLYA

As agents of UNCLE, of course, we’re not permitted to accept rewards.

CORRY

You mean if you — caught these killers —we’d get the money?

SOLO

If you helped us nail them — of course.

ILLYA

Is it a deal?

CORRY

It’s a deal!

CORRY

You’ll need all the help you can get. If those assassins don’t kill you the audience will!

They turn at the SOUND of the door bursting open again.

MED. SHOT P.O.V.
Bobo the midget is in the doorway, pointing, hysterical.

BOBO

I heard you! I heard everything!

Before they can stop him, he grabs a big revolver from the top of a trunk.

BOBO

You won’t get away now! Marko’s gonna be proud of me!

SOLO (goes toward him)
Give me the gun, Bobo.

BOBO
Keep away from me!

ILLYA (goes towards him)
Yes, Bobo. Pick on someone your own size.

BOBO
I’ll shoot!

CORRY (frightened)
Napoleon!

Bobo fires. A CAP PISTOL GOES OFF, and a flag rolls out of the gun barrel.

INSERT
The flag reads: BANG!

RESUME
Illya closes his arms around Bobo, who is dumbfounded.

ILLYA
What shall we do with him?

SOLO
We’ll have to deliver him to town —for safekeeping.

ILLYA

We’ll have to explain his disappearance.

CORRY

Don’t worry. I’ll tell Marko that Bobo ran off to join another circus. Bobo’s always changing jobs, anyway.

BOBO

(starts to scream) Help —

SOLO (grins)

Corry, you’re a genius. That doctor in Seattle is a lucky man!

CORRY (a sigh)

If he only knew!

ZIP PAN TO:

EXT. CIRCUS GROUNDS
Marko, with Igor nearby, has a table set up, and is surrounded by Frenchmen. The game is 3-card monte.

MARKO

Watch closely, friends. All you do is cherchez la femme. Yes — find the Queen and win a fortune!

He shows the queen, shuffles her with two other cards. Then he lays them all on table.

MARKO

You, sir. Where is the Queen?

The MAN points. Marko flips card. It’s the Queen.

MARKO (paying off)
Sacre bleu! This is my unlucky day! Do you wish to wager that you can’t do that again?

SOLO
In makeup and costume under trench coat, hat pulled down he goes to Marko’s trailer. With skeleton key, enters.

INT. MARKO’S TRAILER
He begins search. He finds ledger books, and begins to examine them.

EXT. CIRCUS GROUNDS
Marko has now won the monte. The loser gambles. A WELL-DRESSED MAN edges forward.

MARKO
Try once more, friends (to well-dressed man) What about you, sir? You look like a man who can cherchez la femme!

WELL-DRESSED MAN
Perhaps. But one can’t always trust women.

MARKO
Examine the lady for yourself.

He hands him the Queen.

INSERT
His hands palm the queen, substitutes another card.

RESUME
The well-dressed man passes the new queen back.

WELL-DRESSED MAN
Sorry — I don’t feel lucky tonight.

MARKO (shrugs)
No matter. Our main performance is about to begin, anyway — Buy your tickets, gentlemen.

He signals to Igor, who packs up table, *etc.* The crowd moves OFF as does Marko.

INT. TRAILER
Solo with ledgers. He HEARS people coming. looks out window. Goes out quickly. A moment later, Marko and El Gato, dressed to perform, ENTER. Marko takes card to desk, takes out a knife, and begins to scrape off the picture.

INSERT
Knife scrapes picture, message underneath.

EL GATO’ S VOICE
What does it say?

Marko looks at card. Pause as he reads—then smiles. There is a KNOCK. Marko pockets card.

CHARLEY (peering in)
You wanted me, Marko?

MARKO
Yes. We leave for Juan-les-Pins tonight.

CHARLEY
Tonight? But I’ve advertised two more performances tomorrow!

MARKO (snaps)
They’re cancelled.

Charley, crestfallen, goes OUT.

EL GATO

Who is in Juan-les-P1ns?

MARKO

Monsieur Durain arrives tomorrow.

EL GATO

Ah!

He draws his hand across his throat, grinning.

MARKO

Igor will go with you. Don’t miss, El Gato.

EL GATO

I never miss!

EXT. UNDERSIDE OF TRAILER
Solo has listening device against floor of trailer. He reacts, inadvertently making a NOISE.

INT. TRAILER

EL GATO

Someone outside!

EXT. TRAILER
El Gato rushes out, scans vicinity, and Marko joins him.

MARKO

I don’t see anyone.

El Gato bends to look under the trailer.

EL GATO’S P.O.V.

He sees no one.

EL GATO AND MARKO

EL GATO

There was somebody here!

UNDERSIDE OF TRAILER
Solo out of sight, clinging to undercarriage.

EL GATO'S VOICE

Where are those new clowns?

ZIP PAN TO:

UNDERSIDE OF TRAILER

EXT. RING - DAY
Performers' alley between stands. Charley faces Marko and El Gato. SOUND of APPLAUSE.

CHARLEY

Out there — taking their bows.

El Gato continues to look suspicious. As the two clowns in their familiar Napoleon the Great and Josephine costumes rush past them:

EL GATO

One second!

He starts after the clowns. Marko follows.

EXT. TRUCK
El Gato chases the two clowns, Marko in rear.

EL GATO

Stop!

Illya turns as Napoleon the Great continues to the truck. El Gato strides up to Illya and snatches wig

off. Illya stares. El Gato curses under his breath and goes to truck, knocks.

EL GATO

Come out!

The door opens. Solo, in costume, looks out.

SOLO

What is it?

El Gato snatches off his wig.

SOLO

What are you doing? Stuffing a pillow?

El Gato hurls Solo’s wig back, and strides off.
EL GATO AND MARKO

MARKO

Satisfied, my friend?

EL GATO

I still say we can’t trust them!

INT. TRUCK
Solo’s back is visible, head outside door. Behind him, Corry wipes the last traces of Napoleon the Great makeup. Solo closes door and returns to her.

SOLO

They’ve gone.

CORRY

You get out, too. I’ve got two minutes to get into my own costume.

SOLO

You were wonderful, Corry.

She looks at him, tenderly. Then she’s in his arms. After the kiss:

CORRY (murmurs)
What a shame you never studied medicine.

SOLO
All I can operate on is a radio transmitter. And I’d better do that right now.

CORRY
Why? What’s going to happen?

SOLO
Another assassination attempt. This time on Monsieur Durain.

CORRY (wide-eyed)
Can UNCLE stop it?

SOLO (grins)
Who knows? We might even lend Marko a hand.

Corry looks at him, completely bewildered.

ZIP PAN TO:

INT. MARKO’S TRAILER
Angelo, the tattooed man, is on his stomach as Marko, with Ultraviolet lamp, tattoos his back. CHARMAINE, another lovely, is seated near Angelo’s head. Olga holds radio to ear. El Gato and Igor, both in black leotards, El Gato with small bag, Igor with knapsack, wait.

MARKO

Hold still, Angelo!

ANGELO

Not there, Marko! I’m ticklish there!

MARKO

Charmaine!

Charmaine gives Angelo a sip of a drink.

OLGA

Points 2 through 8 report all clear.

MARKO (order)

El Gato — Igor. Now.

El Gato and Igor go OUT. Angelo sits up.

ANGELO

Let me go, too, Marko!

MARKO

Some other time.

ANGELO

I’m not afraid of danger!

MARKO

Ah — but I want you to be the picture of health!

Angelo, disappointed, goes back to prone position.

ZIP PAN TO:

EXT. ROAD
Solo’s truck is parked. He and Illya quickly change the panels that advertise NAPOLEON THE GREAT. Now it is just an everyday camion as they move back into cab.

ZIP PAN TO:

EXT. STREET - JUAN-LES-PINS - DAY
Waverly supervises a force of UNCLE agents, gendarmes, *etc.* to surround a small building.

EXT. ROOFTOP OF ADJOINING BUILDING
Igor and El Gato watch. Igor ties wires about his waist, hurls hooked end over parapet of other building.

FULL SHOT
Igor and El Gato have made a high-wire between roofs. Igor braces himself, and El Gato begins his walk.

LONG SHOT
El Gato walking the wire between the buildings.

IGOR
His face strained as he braces himself.

EL GATO
He wobbles for one suspenseful moment - but then finally is on the parapet of the other roof. Suddenly he hears:

UNCLE AGENT'S VOICE
(shouting) Stop right there!

STREET
The UNCLE agents, etc., appear, point their guns at El Gato.

IGOR

He sees what’s happening, undoes wire and runs OFF.

EXT. STREET - JUAN-LES-PINS
Solo’s truck crashes through a barricade and barrels towards the building. Illya lies on the roof with sub-machine gun. He opens fire, dropping a couple of UNCLE agents and gendarmes. As he nears the building, he yells:

ILLYA
El Gato! Jump!

El Gato looks below, recognizes Illya, and leaps.

LONG SHOT
El Gato jumps atop the truck, and it drives off.

INT. CAB
Solo at wheel, ducking as shots ring out.

EXT. STREET
After a pause Waverly moves INTO frame. The “dead” agents rise.

WAVERLY
Everyone all right? No barked shins, skinned knees and all that?

UNCLE AGENT
We’re fine — for dead men.

An impressive looking, chauffeur driven, limousine drives up. Waverly turns as MONSIEUR DURAIN, a natty, aseptic French diplomat gets out of car and comes up to him.

DURAIN
Who is in charge here?

WAVERLY
Monsieur Durain? I’m Alexander Waverly, UNCLE.

DURAIN
Well — I expected a twenty-one gun salute — but that was ridiculous!

Waverly smiles wryly.

ZIP PAN TO:

INT. MARKO’S TRAILER - DAY
Marko faces an angry El Gato. Illya and Solo wait.

EL GATO
I could have killed him if they hadn’t interfered.

MARKO (tightly)
I heard different.

EL GATO
I want another chance at Durain!

MARKO (snaps)
No! These new men get the opportunity you missed.

El Gato glares, and storms out. Marko turns to Solo, Illya.

MARKO
You will be paid five thousand dollars. If you succeed.

SOLO
We like to know who we’re working for.

MARKO (smiles)

For me, of course. That’s all you have to know, isn’t it? (Solo nods slowly) Meet me in the ring at dawn, and I’ll give you your instructions. Goodnight, gentlemen.

He turns to his desk, and they go OUT.

EXT. OUTSIDE TRAILER
They walk towards ring.

SOLO

Congratulations, Illya. You’re now a full-fledged assassin.

ILLYA

I still say he’s too meticulous not to keep records. And we need them to know who’s really behind the killings.

SOLO

Tell you what. You search for Marko’s records, and I’ll take Corry to dinner.

Illya reacts. By now they’re at the ring.

ANOTHER ANGLE - RING
EL Gato and Igor confront them. Pause. El Gato moves to Solo.

SOLO

Well?

EL GATO (sneers)

We came to thank you for your help... friend.

Igor lumbers towards Solo. When Illya moves to interfere, El Gato goes to a stand used in the animal act, and takes a gun from the holster that

lies there. He points it towards Illya. Illya reacts.

EL GATO (deadly)
Don’t spoil Igor’s fun.

ILLYA
Watch him, Napoleon. He’s an ox.

Igor goes for Solo, ready to break him in two. Suddenly Solo puts out a light left jab to the chin. To all their amazement, Igor goes down like a felled tree.

SOLO (surprised)
An ox with a glass jaw.

Illya and Solo look at El Gato. Enraged he fires at them point-blank. The gun goes SPLAT, SPLAT!

FADE OUT

END ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

EXT. RING

El Gato, gun empty, befuddled, faces Solo and Illya.

EL GATO
Blanks!

SOLO (vastly relieved)
Seems you picked up the lion-tamer’s gun, El Gato.

ILLYA (happily)
And they always use blanks around the animals.

El Gato tosses the gun away, and removes a knife.

EL GATO
This is more reliable.

He swipes at Solo, who parries. Illya moves in. El Gato sideswipes at Illya and rushes Solo. Solo knocks the knife out of his hand with a karate chop. El Gato, caught in between them, makes a dive for the rope leading to trapeze. He climbs up towards the perch, with Solo and Illya following.

EL GATO
He sees them coming. He reaches the perch, and swings trapeze to reach other perch. But his swing is short, and he misses, falls.

GROUND
Illya bends over El Gato, Solo comes to him. Pause.

ILLYA (looks up)
A bad day for El Gato. He missed twice.

Corry rushes up to them.

CORRY (shaken)
He — he’s dead?

Illya nods, stands.

CORRY
He cried to kill you — both.

SOLO
The problem is — what to do with him.

CORRY

I know a place.

ZIP PAN TO:

C.U. OF CANNON
Solo and Illya almost have El Gato’s body in a very large, circus-type painted pink cannon, as Corry stands guard.

CORRY (suddenly hisses)
Somebody’s coming!

Illya and Solo finish just as Charley comes INTO FRAME.

CORRY
Hello. Charley. I was just showing the boys your lovely cannon.

CHARLEY
(great pride) Great, isn’t it? Bought it from a Czechoslovak troupe that needed money. (brightly) Want to see it work?

ILLYA (quickly)
Er — No, thanks.

CHARLEY
Only take a minute.

SOLO
Some other time, maybe,

CHARLEY

Been looking for somebody to do the act ever since I bought the blasted thing. (beat) You chaps are the right size.

SOLO

But the wrong caliber.

CHARLEY (shrugs)

Well, I'll find something to do with it.

He goes off.

CORRY

Poor Charley. Wish we could tell him we have done something with it.

SOLO

Illya, we'll have to move fast before Marko finds El Gato missing.

ILLYA

Move fast? There's nothing we can do but wait for our assassination orders — at dawn.

ZIP PAN TO:

INT. CASINO - NIGHT

Tight SHOT of Gerrardo at cashier window. Waverly approaches. He's flanked by a couple of obvious body guards in dinner jackets.

WAVERLY

Your Excellency.

The guards acknowledge Waverly's nod – step a few steps back. Gerrardo picks up a stack of

chips.

GERRARDO

Ah, Mr. Waverly. As you see, I've found a painless way to pass the time.

WAVERLY

You'll be happy to know that M. Durain arrived safely.

GERRARDO

Splendid. I knew there'd be no trouble.

WAVERLY

There was. But we had advance warning, so steps were taken.

GERRARDO

Congratulations. Our meetings will commence in the morning, then?

WAVERLY (nods)

M. Durain is in seclusion. We'll bring you to him. (looks at chips) That's a lot of money, Your Excellency.

GERRARDO (smiles)

I always play for high stakes.

ZIP PAN TO:

EXT. RING - DAWN
Solo and Illya wait, warily. All is quiet.

TRAPEZE
Above them, a single trapeze swings back and forth, with something draped over the bar. Suddenly, a rope is released and the trapeze zooms down towards them.

RESUME
Solo and Illya jump aside as the trapeze comes crashing down. Tied to the bar is the body of El Gato. Solo and Illya go closer to look at it, and at each other. Then:

MARKO'S VOICE (deadly)
I'm glad you gentlemen are punctual.

They wheel.

WIDER ANGLE
From the grandstand march Marko, Bruno, Di Mona, Angelo, Igor. They close in on Illya and Solo.

MARKO
I'm honored that my humble efforts have won the attention of UNCLE. (tightly) Five dead agents for one dead El Gato should be a fair trade.

Illya and Solo keep backing up towards guy wires.
Solo looking desperately for a way out.

SOLO (suddenly)
Illya — let's do something in memory of El Gato.

A slight gesture indicates his meaning. Illya nods and they both leap for the rope ladder leading to rigging. They start climbing, and Angelo starts to follow.

MARKO (concerned)
Angelo! Back!

Angelo scowls and goes back. Marko looks up.

TRAPEZE PERCH
Solo and Illya reach top, look down.

MARKO (pleasantly)
My dear friends, do come down.

ILLYA
Well, where do we go from here?

SOLO
Grab the rope. We'll swing to the other side.

Illya gets the bar and they both hold on to it.

MARKO
He signals to Di Mona, who comes forward.

MARKO (calls up)
Please, gentlemen. I've scheduled the death of M. Durain for this morning. Don't make me late for my appointment. (to Di Mona) Giuseppe ...

A knife appears in Di Mona's hand. He lets it fly.

CLOSEUP ROPES
The rope support for the trapeze is split by the knife.

EXT. RING
The perch gives way crazily, and Solo and Illya tumble off. CAMERA PANS with them as they plummet down through the air and land in safety net. The circus gang rushes forward and imprisons them in the net, as they struggle helplessly.

ZIP PAN TO:

EXT. SOLO’S TRUCK - DAY
Corry raps on door, no answer. She turns away from truck and sees the stiltwalker.

CORRY
Stretch, have you seen Napoleon the Great?

STILTWALKER
I saw him and his partner over by the menagerie tent — where Rosa keeps the cats she’s training.

Corry, a bit alarmed, runs OFF. Stiltwalker smiles, pleased, and takes out his handset radio.

EXT. MENAGERIE TENT - DAY
Corry looks about apprehensively, then enters quickly.

INT. TENT
There is a large cage with three mean-looking lions. On floor of tent are Illya and Solo bound hand and foot.

CORRY
Napoleon!

CORRY (bending)
Let me untie you —

SOLO
That can wait! Slide the heel off my shoe!

She does. Removes small radio device.

CORRY
What’s this?

ILLYA

A short-range emergency radio transmitter. Press the button!

She does.

SOLO

Now speak into it. Say: Open Channel Double AA — priority.

CORRY

Open Channel Double AA — priority.

She eases up on button. A beep SOUNDS from radio.

CORRY

What do I do now?

Marko, Bruno, Igor and Rosa rush from concealment. Marko takes the radio and Igor and Bruno cover the mouths of Solo and Illya.

MARKO (to Corry)

You've done enough.

He shoves Corry roughly aside, hands the radio to Rosa. She presses button.

ROSA

(imitates Corry very expertly) This is Corry Gibson. Mr Solo wants Mr Waverly to meet him on the circus grounds. Mr Waverly is to come alone. Out.

Rosa takes her finger off button and hands radio to Marko, who takes it - throws it to the ground and smashes it. Illya and Solo's eyes follow the action. Marko grins.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

EXT. CIRCUS GROUNDS - DAY
Waverly's car drives up. He starts towards ring. The stiltwalker gives a signal as Waverly passes.

EXT. BEHIND GRANDSTAND

Napoleon the Great and Josephine, in costume. Napoleon negligently tossing a small plastic ball. They look up at:

WAVERLY
Walking casually, looking about. Stops near them, to look at circus poster tacked to pole. Napoleon approaches.

MED. CLOSE TWO SHOT

WAVERLY
Is it safe to talk, Mr. Solo?

NAPOLEON (whispers)
Whisper.

WAVERLY (sotto voce)
Have you learned more about Marko?

NAPOLEON

Not much.

WAVERLY

I’m to bring Colonel Gerrardo to Monsieur Durain this morning.

NAPOLEON

Where?

Waverly keeps looking at the hand of Napoleon as he tosses the plastic ball.

WAVERLY

Circus life doesn’t agree with you, Mr. Solo. Never seen your nails in such bad shape. (hand goes into pocket) Perhaps this nail file will help…

But Napoleon grabs his hand in a steely grip. The clown’s voice now speaks in Marko’s normal tones.

MARKO

No, Mr. Waverly. Keep your hands to your side. (beat) That’s better. (tosses ball with other hand) This is plastic explosive. I can detonate it any time I wish. You’ll be joined in Valhalla by scores of innocent bystanders.

WAVERLY (beat)

Where are Solo and Kuryakin?

MARKO

I asked you first. Where is Monsieur Durain?

Waverly doesn’t answer.

MARKO (grins)
If you want your friends to live - You'd better answer my question. Lead on Mr. Waverly.

Waverly shrugs. They start off.

INT. MENAGERIE TENT - DAY
The lions stare from their side of cage at Solo, Illya and Corry, trussed, in other half of cage. Rosa loosens the ropes at head and foot of wire divider.

ROSA
Two or three good pushes — and down comes the wire. They're quite impetuous when they're hungry.

Rosa grins wickedly, and goes OUT. The lions move about, hopefully start pushing against the wire. Solo crabbing himself, rotates on his coccyx, scanning the materials in the cage. He sees straw, a small stick.

SOLO
Illya can you see the stick?

Illya looks. Corry sits up, interested.

ILLYA
It's about two inches to your right.

Solo's fingers grope toward it, find it.

SOLO
Move over here — your back to me

Illya inches his way across cage to reach Solo.

SOLO

Corry —

CORRY

Yes?

SOLO

Push as much straw as you can over here.

Corry nods — jackknifes her legs, kicks straw at Solo and Illya. There is a ROAR from one of the lions. They look up.

LION
It hurtles itself against wire.

RESUME
Corry kicks straw until she’s exhausted, stops.

CORRY (panting)

Sorry — that’s the last straw.

SOLO

Illya, take the stick.

Illya’s fingers take it.

SOLO

Work it through my rope and into the straw.

INSERT
The stick, held in Illya’s hand, is painstakingly lowered through small loop in Solo’s wrist bonds.

SOLO’S VOICE

Get as close as you can, Corry. When you see smoke, blow on it!

Solo moves his wrists rapidly, twirling the stick that Illya holds upright. Corry’s face

close to straw.

CLOSE SHOT OF CAGE
The corner of the wire comes off.

RESUME
The stick twirls … twirls. Suddenly – a wisp of smoke.

CORRY

Look!

She blows at the straw, and a flame shoots up.

CORRY

We did it!

SOLO

More straw!

Illya crabs out of way. He and Corry push straw to keep fire going. Solo moves to bonds over flame.

CLOSE UP - FLAME
He stretches bonds to make fire burn through them.

RESUME
He looks up, and sees wire coming off. He winces against pain of flames. Then the bonds part. He gets to his feet and moves to door of cage, opening it from outside. Then he helps the bound Illya and Corry out of the cage; just as the wire parts. Solo slams the door on the lions.

ANOTHER ANGLE
Solo ends to untie Illya and Corry.

ILLYA

Come on — let’s get to the truck.

ZIP PAN TO:

EXT. ROAD - DAY
The Napoleon the Great truck races along.

INT. TRUCK CAB - DAY
Solo drives. Corry in middle. Illya checks gun. Solo hands him a homing device, Illya activates it.

CORRY

What's that?

ILLYA

A homing device. It's tuned to a tiny transmitter —we plant it on somebody when we want to follow him.

SOLO

We know Waverly went off with two men dressed as Napoleon the Great and Josephine. Well, long ago we put the transmitter...

CLOSEUP OF "NAPOLEON'S" HAT

SOLO'S VOICE

—in my hat!

We see the hat on Marko's head.

ZIP PAN TO:

EXT. FARM - DAY
Waverly's car is parked outside low farm building. Next to it is a higher structure, such as silo. Two gendarmes lie on ground, unconscious. Igor stands over them. Di Mona holds gun on Waverly. Bruno, out of Illya's

costume now, stands guard. Only the Napoleon hat and baggy pants of Solo’s costume remains on Marko.

WAVERLY
I repeat — you can’t get to M. Durain, Marko. The farmhouse is built like a vault!

MARKO (smugly)
We’ll think of something.

He tosses the hat aside. CLOSE IN on hat.

INT. SOLO’S TRUCK - CAB

ILLYA
I’m getting a signal, bearing 330.

SOLO
We’ll take the next left.

EXT. CORRIDOR
Outside steel door. French Army sentry. Di Mona silently steps around corner, and lets knife fly. Sentry falls. Di Mona beckons, leads Waverly, Marko, Bruno, to door.

MARKO
Open the door, Mr. Waverly.

Waverly doesn’t move. Bruno takes a step toward Waverly. Marko stops him.

MARKO
One moment. If the farmhouse were, indeed, built like a vault — M. Durain would suffocate. Unless — (smiles) — this same farmhouse had some modern conveniences. Like air conditioning.

Waverly tenses. Marko notices.

MARKO (pleased)
Come on — let’s see what’s on that roof.

INT. SOLO’S TRUCK CAB
The device BEEPS loudly.

ILLYA
We’re almost there!

Solo steps on the gas pedal.

EXT. FARMHOUSE
Marko, Igor, Di Mona, Bruno, look towards roof. Waverly with them. There is an air-conditioning unit on roof. Marko points it out.

MARKO
There it is! Ah, if only poor El Gato were here!

BRUNO
(a sneer) I can be a human fly, too. Look! (points)

FARMHOUSE
A ladder against building leads to roof.

RESUME

BRUNO
Give me the bomb!

Marko hands him the plastic ball, and a small cylinder with two prongs. Bruno runs to ladder.

EXT. FARM
Solo’s truck pulls up, and all three rush out. Di Mona turns, sees them, starts to throw knife. Solo fires, dropping him.

FARMHOUSE
Bruno gets to roof, goes to air-conditioning unit. He takes plastic ball, sticks prongs of cylinder into it. Then he pushes button on cylinder. He puts the plastic bomb into the air conditioning unit, crawls back.

MARKO, IGOR
Begin to fire at Solo and Illya, who take cover behind truck. Waverly breaks from them.

SOLO, ILLYA, CORRY
Waverly scrambles towards them, under their cover fire.

SOLO

You all right, sir?

WAVERLY

They’ve planted a bomb on the roof! Air-conditioning unit!

They look towards roof, very worried. Shots continue from Marko and Igor.

BRUNO

Marko! Help me down!

SOLO, ILLYA, ET AL

SOLO

Help him down, Illya.

Illya fires.

BUILDING - LONG SHOT

WAVERLY

That bomb will go off any minute. Durain will be killed!

CORRY

Napoleon! See that wire?

Solo looks in the direction she points to.

SILO AND FARMHOUSE
CAMERA PANS along wire running from silo to farmhouse.

SOLO AND CORRY

SOLO

What about it?

CORRY

I once did an act — the Slide of Death. It’s not hard if you know how.

SOLO

(Understands) I get it. (to Illya) Cover me, Illya.

He stands, and starts for silo.

CORRY

Hey — that’s my act!

LONG SHOT
Solo breaks for the silo as Illya covers him. Corry starts running after him.

SILO
Solo climbs to top. He gets to wire, tests it. He looks down, and sees Corry climbing after him.

SOLO

Get back to the car!

Corry takes off scarf, wraps it around wire.

CORRY
Wrap this around the wire.

He takes the scarf, wraps it about wire.

MARKO
He sees Solo on silo, goes to shoot. A shot from Illya drives him back.

SOLO
He grips the cloth. Corry watches as he swings his feet out, and rides the wire down to the farmhouse roof. On the way, he drops his gun.

ILLYA
He fires at Marko and Igor. A shot hits him in the arm. He drops his weapon, clutches his arm.

MARKO AND IGOR

MARKO
Good work! Now to stop the other one!

He goes on a run for the ladder.

ROOF TOP
Solo lands on roof and streaks for air-conditioning housing. He kicks off baffle, and gropes inside for bomb. He plucks it out. Then he looks down.

THE GROUND
Igor advances towards Illya, who is down on one knee. Igor’s gun is ready. Some fifteen yards from Illya, he aims the gun.

SOLO
He tosses the bomb.

THE GROUND - LONG SHOT
The EXPLOSION knocks out Igor.

ROOFTOP

Solo heads for ladder, and meets Marko on the way up. Marko grins, and pulls his gun.

MARKO
Well! No weapon this time, my friend?

He aims the gun at Solo, carefully.

SOLO
Corry sees, begins her “slide” down the wire.

CORRY(shouting)
Marko!

ROOFTOP
Marko whirls, fires blindly at her, misses. She lands on roof and he fires again, twice. The second produces an empty CLICK. He whirls, and with an angry ROAR, hurls himself at Solo, a beautiful flying leap.

LONG SHOT
Solo ducks and Marko goes into space.

TWO SHOT - SOLO AND CORRY

CORRY (a gulp)
Wow! That’s the best circus dive I ever saw.

SOLO (grimly)
But what can he do for an encore?

DISSOLVE:

INT. CHATEAU - DAY
Solo is with Waverly and Colonel Gerrardo, in full uniformed splendor, as they move from corridor.

WAVERLY
We still don’t know who the people who hired Marko and his gang are.

SOLO

I think we do, sir. One of them is with us now.

They stop, in front of a door. Solo is facing Gerrardo squarely. Waverly reacts.

WAVERLY

That’s a dangerous accusation, Mr. Solo.

GERRARDO

A foolish one!

SOLO

Marko knew Illya and I were UNCLE agents, Colonel. But Marko didn’t guess. He got that information from you.

GERRARDO

Ridiculous. You forget, Mr. Solo, I would not be alive today if El Gato had not missed here in the chateau.

SOLO

Oh, but El Gato didn’t miss. He got his target — Forange, the man who really wanted the treaty with France. You never did!

GERRARDO

Theorizing, Mr. Solo.

SOLO

No. Marko boasted that, until M. Durain, El Gato never missed. He knew he was supposed to miss

you, Your Excellency. Because you hired him!

GERRARDO
You have proof of this? Some records, perhaps?

SOLO
As a matter of fact, we do. Would you like to see Marko’s books?

He opens the door, ushers Waverly and Gerrardo in.

INT. ROOM - DAY
Angelo, stripped, covered with a towel around his bottom, lies on table. Illya with goggles, a strong ultraviolet light, reads to an UNCLE agent who takes it down. Illya’s arm in sling.

ILLYA
Three dots — one dash — space two dots — dash — space—

ANGELO
Please, can’t I turn over?

ILLYA
I haven’t finished your right shoulder.

Illya looks up at the visitors.

SOLO (pointing)
Marko’s records. I noticed how solicitous he was with Angelo. He was literarily protecting Angelo’s pride.

ILLYA

The code is simple - cryptography section broke it in ten minutes.

WAVERLY (to Gerrardo)
I’m sure your country will send a better man now to negotiate with Durain.

SOLO (with a smile)
Your Excellency, would you like to see where Marko wrote your name?

Solo looks, but CAMERA doesn’t follow his look. Gerrardo follows Solo’s look, his expression icy.

GERRARDO (offended)
The cad.

ZIP PAN TO:

EXT. THE CIRCUS RING
Full of confusion as new people are practicing various circus acts. Corry is rushing about, trying to get things organized.

CORRY
Come on, hurry up! We’ve got a matinee today!... Bridget, that costume doesn’t fit, you’ll split every seam when you climb the rigging ... Marie, will you please forget that darned baton? ... You over there, stop getting in everybody’s way —

She turns and sees Solo and Illya approaching. Illya still has his arm in sling.

CORRY

Well: If it isn’t the toast of three continents!

She laughs and goes to give them both a kiss.

CORRY

I don’t know why I’m so nice to you! You really put a dent in this circus — half our acts are in jail:

SOLO

I know why you’re nice to us. Twenty thousand dollars!

CORRY

I’m so happy for Pop and Joe! They’re staying in Florida, you know — like two rich retired gentlemen!

ILLYA

And what about you, Corry?

CORRY

Well … I just can’t leave now… with all the new acts to break in…

SOLO

I see.

CORRY

I can’t leave poor old Charley in the lurch, can I?

ILLYA

Of course not.

CORRY (angrily)
Oh, how could you two ever understand—you’re not circus!

SOLO
Maybe so. But I remember that you had a certain dream …

CORRY
(a little wistfully) Dreams are for children.

A handsome YOUNG MAN approaches. He carries a small black bag.

YOUNG MAN
Excuse me — are you Miss Gibson?

CORRY
We don’t need any more roustabouts.

YOUNG MAN (smiles)
I’m not a roustabout. Charley told me you could direct me to that sick lion you’ve got.

CORRY (does a take)
Oh — you’re the veterinarian.

YOUNG MAN
That’s right. Name’s Bill Haley.

Corry looks at him with growing interest.

CORRY
Doctor Haley?

YOUNG MAN
Right off the boat.

SOLO
Where from, Doc?

YOUNG MAN
Why — Seattle.

Solo looks at Illya with a grin. Corry swallows, and then takes the young doctor’s arm.

CORRY
Come on, doctor — I’ll show you to the lions.

They go OFF together, as Solo and Illya watch… quite pleased.

FADE OUT

THE END